20¢ OCTOBER 3, 1949

New Republic

THE SOVIET BOMB

AN EDITORIAL

- **WHAT THE INDIANS NEED**

By OLIVER LA FARGE

- **ISRAEL INDICTS AMERICA**

By J. L. TELLER

- **HAROLD L. ICKES ON: SENATOR McCARRAN**

THE EZRA POUND CONTROVERSY By MALCOLM COWLEY

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JOHN DEWEY

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

STEAM HEAT replaces air-cooling now in government offices. The city's climate has subtly changed in another direction also with news that the Russians have been blowing up things with atomic energy. A page turns, a new chapter opens; nothing much has really happened save that the American mental sense of monopoly has exploded. An explosion of this sort is not so loud, but it may be more important than that of the bomb itself.

The first Washington reaction was one of self-imposed and rather self-conscious calm. The Hearst press girded itself for some more good witch hunts. It was generally felt that President Truman's quiet announcement struck the right note in taking the public into his confidence.

The situation now presented is so solemn that many can approach it only facetiously. Thus the story goes round that Albert Einstein was asked by an admirer what weapons would be employed in World War III. Expressing ignorance, he said he could only speak for World War IV. "And what will they use then?" asked the breathless questioner. "Rocks," said Einstein.

There is little doubt that public approval for foreign spending has been diminishing recently. Former Representative Dirksen is campaigning against Senator Lucas in Illinois on a straight Chicago *Tribune* platform. Taft has become increasingly isolationist in the Senate. The Senate debate on the $1,300 million European-military-aid bill last week revealed this undercurrent, though the measure passed, 55 to 24. The news of atomic explosions in Russia will check this trend temporarily. Nevertheless the pre-Truman announcement mood in Congress is significant and the initial MAP debate is a landmark of sentiment. A majority of Republicans voted heavily but unsuccessfully to slash the funds; their vote was 23 to 10 on one such amendment. For the first time a Southern conservative "economy" bloc, led by Senators George and Byrd, broke away from the Administration on international affairs, making common cause with the GOP.

Fulton Lewis Jr. and Henry J. Taylor were at the University of Virginia together. Their deeply conservative views are essentially alike. On September 5, the day before Messrs. Cripps and Bevin arrived in New York preceding the devaluation of the pound, Taylor broadcast from London. It was one of the most violent attacks on Socialist Britain ever given by a commentator on the air waves. It was sponsored by General Motors (manufacturers of the British Vauxhall car) over some 150 ABC stations, heard by several million listeners. Taylor charged Cripps & Bevin were over here panhandling dollars to bolster bankrupt "Socialism," and went all-out against American aid.

Taylor's speech was biased and factually inaccurate; he charged: "The British have tried every other solution for their problem *except* work" (Taylor's italics, not ours) and asserted that "by government direction they are still working only a 42½-hour week." Cripps in his September 9 Washington speech gave the true figure: the average work week is "just over 45 hours." But freedom of speech presumably gives Taylor the right to say what he pleases even though it comes at a time of desperately important international negotiations. Real responsibility rests on his sponsor, General Motors. Has GM a new slogan—"Buy Chevrolet, the anti-British car"?

Of course what Taylor and GM are really attacking is not British Labour but American liberalism. Controllers of GM are the fabulously rich duPont

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family, according to the government's anti-trust suit. Third of this great horizontal cartel is US Rubber. The Attorney General said the suit is directed "to the breaking up of the largest single concentration of economic power in the US." That is the power for whom Taylor speaks.

Top American officials take a more anxious view of the world's post-operative condition following pound devaluation than most folks realize. Chief comment we hear is, "It had to be done but it hasn't settled anything." Worst danger is that it has touched off an Atlantic Pact currency war that will hamper political coöperation. It has done nothing to solve the basic British problem of $13.5 billion of sterling war debts owed India, Egypt, the Argentine and so on. These constitute a mortgage on the empire. This debt simply has to be scaled down, Washington feels. The difficulty is that the debts give the British manufacturer a protected sterling market in India and elsewhere and he has no desire to see them reduced. The forthcoming visit of Pandit Nehru here will raise the whole question.

The blunt fact, some officials feel, is Britain can't continue to juggle its present international responsibilities. Either the US must take over grave new burdens, as it did in Greece and Western Germany, or see somebody else fill the power vacuum.

Notes. Congress definitely heads for recess; Senate passage of MAP in only four days is probably par for the course. . . . The petroleum and natural-gas lobbies are giving all they've got to the fight against confirmation of Leland Olds to the Federal Power Commission; the five-man commission is split, three to two, for strict regulation, with Olds holding the balance. . . . Legislative investigation shows holes so wide in the Anti-Trust Act that you can drive a horse-and-cartel through anywhere. . . . And Senate confirmation of progressive independent John Carson to the Federal Trade Commission last week was a happy event.

Washington T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Tito and Democracy

SIR: Ignazio Silone concluded his communication in the *New Republic* (July 25) with: "It is our duty, as Socialists and democrats, to defend the independence of a people . . . that has been the first to tear up the imperialist agreements of Yalta and Potsdam."

On November 1, 1944, an agreement was signed between Tito and Subasic, Prime Minister of the legitimate government of Yugoslavia. In this agreement Tito committed himself to guarantee all democratic rights of men. This agreement was later accepted and sponsored by the Big Three Conference held at Yalta in February, 1945. On February 2 the Yalta Conference asked of Tito and Subasic that "the agreement between them should be put into effect immediately and a new government should be formed on the basis of the agreement."

From the first, the Communist Party, holding the key posts in the new government, adopted measures which went counter to the fundamental clauses of the Subasic-Tito agreement, sponsored by the Allies. Mr. Silone, I think, will not assume that Communist dictatorship was the wish and will of the Yugoslav people. The leader of the Democratic Party, Grol, Vice President of the government, resigned in August, 1945. A short time ago Subasic left office protesting against the violation of the basic clauses of the agreement. The sovietization of Yugoslavia began. Here are involved pledges of Tito toward the Western Powers. The Western Powers recognized the government under the condition that Tito would keep his pledge.

On November 2, 1945, totalitarian elections were carried out in Yugoslavia. The State Department warned Yugoslavia in advance not to expect recognition when it was obvious that the November elections would be neither democratic nor representative. Nevertheless the US recognized the Tito regime on December 24, 1945. In those days the appeasement policy of Byrnes was in full swing. The New York *Times* wrote on December 23, 1945:

> Mr. Patterson was directed to bring to the attention of the Yugoslavs that Mr. Acheson emphasized that our current recognition "should not be interpreted as implying approval of the politics of their regime or its failure to implement the guarantees of personal freedom promised to its people."

By the events of 1945 and after, the Yugoslav people have been terribly disappointed. Therefore international guarantees must exist which will assure a fair and honest execution of the pledges given to the Western Powers. If Mr. Silone will help in this regard, he will be considered a friend of the Yugoslav people.

BOGUMIL VOSNJAK

San Francisco, Calif.

Union with Britain?

SIR: I read your editorial on possible federation with Britain (the *NR*, August 29) with keen interest because it certainly is a contribution to a complex problem. To solve it one must bring out all angles, and unfortunately also take into consideration the question of whether public opinion, abroad as well as in this country, will permit the putting into practice of so revolutionary an idea.

I think that what should be brought out is that we are not talking, necessarily, about the limited field of economics, but that there are numerous other angles to the question, such as what Britain is doing in the interest of the United States, services that would be very difficult to replace if the British Empire collapsed. I have in mind the work Britain is doing and the expense it is incurring in the Middle East and in the Far East.

From the point of view of the United States, one may get public opinion to agree that how other nations run their affairs is none of our business; that, if they ask us for support, it should not make any difference whether they have one kind of government or another, as long as there is freedom; but one should hardly expect public opinion in this country to financially support a country which has social services and benefits to a greater extent, and therefore has a higher standard of living, than we have at home. One would not expect a person to support a distant relative to enable him to live on a standard higher than he does himself.

I do not believe that we have reached this stage yet, but we might conceivably do so. I merely mention it to show that there is a point at which I feel domestic policies must have an influence on what the United States will do if called upon to give support.

Under the circumstances, the first item I mentioned—namely, the services which the British Empire renders us but for which it is not really being credited either morally or in dollars and cents—should be weighed.

New York City H. C. SONNE

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VOLUME 121, NUMBER 14, ISSUE 1818, NEW YORK CITY OCTOBER 3, 1949 **New Republic**

THE SOVIET BOMB

WHEN AMERICA exploded the first atomic bomb, the Soviet government reacted in two conflicting ways. Publicly it scoffed at such unimportant news. Privately it launched a tremendous—and successful—effort to match our achievement.

Now the Soviet bomb has exploded, and we are reacting in precisely the same way. Publicly we are shrugging our shoulders with feigned indifference. Privately we are likely to undertake new actions, at home and abroad, whose end results our government itself cannot calculate today.

Hysteria and demoralization are dangerous moods. The prevention of hysteria among our own people and demoralization among our allies has evidently been the first concern of the President, Secretary Acheson and General Bradley. The news was fully anticipated, they have said. . . . Its significance was discounted long ago. . . . Nothing is altered . . . our strategy, military, economic and political, is as sound as ever and will continue unchanged. The purpose of these statements may be constructive, but their content is nonsense, as the government well knows.

In the narrowest sense, we have directed our military efforts to completing the defenses of Europe, and creating a long-range bombing force, by the time we assumed the Russians could produce an atomic bomb.

We have failed, by at least three years, and some of our cold-war strategists now maintain that the real problem is just the problem of these three awkward years, until we catch up again. Our task, they say, is to redouble our appropriations and to bluff our way beyond them. But this, also, is nonsense. The Soviet government is not going to use the next three years to attack us. The real military problem is a long-range and not a short-range one. The true significance of the Soviet explosion, which we have not yet faced, is that it may demonstrate a *rate of development* comparable to our own.

For in a large sense, our continued ability to defend Western Europe has been predicated on a continuing superiority in atomic weapons. Our plan of holding Europe by an all-out atomic bombardment of Russia may be useless, once the Russians are able to carry out a counter bombardment of Europe or America.

Yet the critical test for Americans is to liberate themselves from these secondary considerations and to return to the primary problem of securing and enforcing world peace. Here also we need to think anew, to act anew, and to disenthrall ourselves. For in the larger sense, what plans we have conceived for winning peace rather than war have also been predicated on our continued military superiority. Our proposals for world control of atomic energy were based naturally on our monopoly of atomic power. Since the time the Russians rejected our proposals we have given up serious efforts to reach an over-all agreement with the Russians on atomic energy or any other issue. We have attempted instead to increase the margin of our economic and military superiority. We have frowned on Stalin's "peace offensives" as efforts to disrupt our military preparations. We have assumed that the best way to achieve world peace is to accumulate such pressure and strength that the Soviet government will either fall apart altogether or at least give up its plans for world Communism and come to a peace table anxious to reach a real settlement.

Now our monopoly of atomic weapons is broken. Our relative strength is likely to decline. In the early stages of an atomic-armaments race the advantage is ours, with our stockpile of weapons, our higher production rate, our richer known sources of uranium, our superior technology. But once each side accumulates a stockpile sufficient to devastate the other, an atomic-armaments race becomes a race to decentralize targets and to centralize controls. Here the advantages are all on the Soviet side.

So, if today we mutter that *we are not surprised at all, we are not a bit scared*, it is only because we have conditioned ourselves, as a kind of self-protection, to insensibility to the terrifying prospects and almost unsolvable problems which now are forced on us. We have lost relative strength. We have lost time. We need to reassess our sources of real strength and to develop them with greater determination. And we need a new approach, more direct and patient, less arrogant and patronizing, to the Russians.

Our second reaction, already mounting in Congress,

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is to keep out all foreigners, persecute all suspected radicals, place the scientists under lock and key, and so to destroy the real source of strength—competition not only in industry, but in ideas.

On the contrary, the Soviet explosion makes ridiculous the approach of Senator Eugene Millikin, who recently grilled the Atomic Energy Commission for hours concerning the shipment of two milligrams of radioactive iron sent to the Norwegian Army. Now, when everyone has the secret but the American people, we need more than ever to remember the words of Dr. H. D. Smyth: "Criticism is the lifeblood of scientific work . . . and of enterprise in a healthy democracy."

The task is not simply to withstand the inevitable pressures to pass new laws on subversion, and to return atomic energy to military control. It is to liberate ourselves from the stifling restrictions which have held back our own progress under the spell of a supposed secret that we no longer hold.

A second way to develop our real sources of strength is to extend the area of knowledge and effort to all the democracies whose future and vital interests are identified with arms. We do not know if Western Europe can be included in this category, but Britain and Canada can and must be included. Until now we have cornered most of the uranium resources available to the three nations and have shared little in the way of knowledge of radioactive material in return. The immediate problem is to revise the McMahon Act to permit integration of the atomic-energy efforts of the three nations. Beyond this, it seems clear that full military union of Britain, Canada and the United States is an urgent necessity.

The Soviet explosion, according to President Truman, "emphasizes once again . . . the necessity for that truly effective and enforceable international control of atomic energy which this Government and the large majority of the members of the United Nations support." This of course is true. But it strongly implies that the United States stands and will stand on the Baruch proposals. The fact is that they are completely out of date.

The Baruch Plan was based on our monopoly of atomic energy. It proposed that we share our information with other nations through an international authority. It placed the Russians and other nations on probation: if they proved themselves capable of accepting world control, we would gradually relinquish our stockpile of atomic weapons. In turn, other nations entrusted their security to our sense of restraint, until the final stage, at which our stockpile was to be entirely destroyed.

The Russians called the proposal "absolutely unrealistic . . . subordinated mainly to the interests of one country." Their own plan proposed, first, a convention prohibiting the production, possession and use of atomic weapons. It proposed that nations should continue with the ownership and operation of atomic-energy plants. It proposed that following the destruction of all atomic bombs, a convention be negotiated to create a world authority, to make periodic inspections of reported activities, and to make "recommendations to the national governments" and the Security Council, where the rule of unanimity prevails.

Their proposals, as Sir Henry Dale has said, attempted to eliminate the dominant advantage of the United States and to protect national sovereignty in all its essentials.

The Soviet plan was based essentially on a condition of inferiority just as the Baruch plan assumed our superiority. Neither offers any present hopes, since the only realistic basis for negotiation now is by negotiation between equals.

In these negotiations there are many areas in which the Baruch proposals can be modified without compromising the basic principle of effective world control. There is already substantial agreement on inspection. Progress in the denaturing of fissionable material offers a more restricted definition of "dangerous activities" where no veto power is possible, and a less rigid insistence on international ownership as well as control of atomic-energy plants. The real change, however, must come in the concept of the stage of development by which control is established and our stockpile of weapons reduced. Here the Baruch proposals are entirely obsolete. There is every reason, on the contrary, to conclude a convention by which the signatory nations agree not to use the atomic bomb unless they are first attacked. The effectiveness of this prohibition would depend, of course, on wider measures of disarmament and world control of all weapons of mass destruction. It is reasonable to assume that any new proposals by the US would be made in a form most likely to win acceptance by the Russians.

"It is at least intelligible," according to Sir Henry Dale, "that the Soviet authorities should try to secure the removal of the exclusive advantage of America before accepting or even discussing in detail a system of international control." If this is true, if fear rather than ambition is the cause of Soviet intransigence, then the Soviet explosion may offer a basis for real negotiations if we can keep a sense of judgment on our side.

One barrier to success is the different time scale of the Russians and ourselves. We tend to the apocalyptic:

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we say all must be won by 1952, or all is lost. We think that the intolerable tensions that will accumulate as the Russian stockpile reaches threatening proportions must be resolved by war or a new world, at once and at any cost. The Russians, on the contrary, are extremely patient. They have always been patient. Now, as Communists, they foresee the eventual collapse of capitalism and they are in no hurry to come to terms with it. They can endure intolerable tensions indefinitely, or so the experience of the Nazi-Soviet Pact and the row with Tito seem to prove.

A second barrier is the conflict of communism and democracy which has grown deeper in the last three years. Each nation feels that its society is in basic conflict with the other. Each holds its values so highly that it prefers to fight for them rather than surrender or compromise them. Each, for that reason, will not give up the means of military defense while the conflict rages, either to an ineffective world organization, or to an effective world government beyond its control. For these reasons, unlimited world sovereignty over the narrow field of atomic energy and weapons of mass destruction may be impossible without a much wider economic and political settlement of the cold war.

Today world peace is dying of anemia of political ideas. No new ideas have been advanced on a world level for three years. No new ideas are even proposed today. Without any doubt we need new measures of civilian defense and decentralization as the atomic-arms race develops. And yet, as we have argued, the massing of military strength on our side, if it ever held out hope of peace, holds out hope no longer.

But the real problem is to end the arms race before it results in war. The danger is that as we are possessed increasingly by preparations for a war fought over our cities and against our children, we shall become incapable of thinking in the fresh and daring terms that alone can save world peace.

No government department today is equipped or organized or even authorized to think in such terms. The Atomic Energy Commission is a technical commission. The State Department is without technical knowledge. The Defense Department is charged with preparing for war. Four years ago the President created the Lilienthal commission of scientists, industrialists and government officials with the broadest terms of reference. It submitted its report "not as a final plan but as a place to begin, a foundation on which to build."

We need a new place to begin. We suggest to the President that alone, or with the governments of Britain and Canada, he create another comparable commission to bring to our new problems a new approach.

The second in the series of editorials on American policy in the Far East will appear in an early issue. – THE EDITORS

THE WEEK

MONEY FOR ARMS

On the eve of President Truman's announcement of atomic explosions in Russia, the Senate passed the full $1,314 million appropriation asked by the Administration to arm friendly countries against Communist aggression. During the three-day debate Senators discussed at length the threat of war with the Soviet Union and emphasized the necessity of equipping Western Europe's ground forces to meet an attack, since there is no plan for world control of the atom bomb.

Senate Foreign Relations Chairman Tom Connally (D, Tex.), floor manager of the bill, and Republican Senators Vandenberg (Mich.) and John Foster Dulles (N. Y.) led the forces favoring military aid. Economy-bloc efforts to slash in half Europe's share of the arms aid were defeated and the bill passed by a sizable majority, 55 to 24.

Leading the opposition to the huge expenditure was Senator Robert A. Taft (R, Ohio), who charged that "this program is more likely to lead to war than peace. It's the old armaments race all over again." He argued that the Atlantic Pact has already given Russia notice that the US will consider itself attacked in the event of war in Western Europe and that arms aid will "substitute the rule of might for a program of law and justice."

The Senate bill authorizes arms grants totaling $1 billion for North Atlantic Pact nations, $211,270,000 for Greece and Turkey, $27,640,000 for Iran, Korea and the Philippines, and $75 million to be used in the Far East at President Truman's discretion. The bill was sped to conference with the House, which had approved only $819,505,000 for all areas. In the light of the President's statement, the cut will undoubtedly be restored.

WARMING UP FOR '50

(SAN FRANCISCO, NR correspondent)

The Democratic Party has just held another in its series of important regional conferences throughout the country, looking toward the 1950 elections (see "Farmer-Worker Love Feast," the *NR*, September 12). This one, in San Francisco, was attended by

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Vice President Barkley, four members of the Cabinet and about 2,000 other loyal Democrats from 11 Western states.

The major thesis was the same as in the earlier meeting at Syracuse, New York: the interests of farmers and industrial workers are not opposed, but parallel, and the Democratic Party proposes to help them both. In no part of the country is such a message more welcome than in the West. Farmers are worried about critical shortages, in many areas, of water or electric power or both. Labor is worried about unemployment, which is more serious in many parts of the West than it is in almost any other region.

Secretary of Agriculture Brannan, in meetings with ranchers and stock raisers that were closed to the press, pledged the Democratic Administration not to permit the nation's huge farm productive capacity to break down prices. Secretary of Labor Tobin expressed the firm belief that the various programs of the New Deal and the Fair Deal have created a situation under which a repetition of '29 is impossible. Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas (D, Calif.) blamed a group of stubborn reactionaries in Congress for the temporary setbacks to the Brannan farm program. Then the 2,000 Democrats went home to work for victory in '50.

LEARNING ABOUT POLITICS

Liberals are always being advised to get into politics at the local level and work their way up. The advice is good; but it is sometimes more difficult to follow than the easy optimist might assume.

In New York City there are many thousands of liberal-minded voters who were supporters of Franklin Roosevelt but bitterly oppose the patronage-minded Democratic Party machines. In the recent primary election, a number of these Fair Dealers made a determined effort to win posts as district leaders in that party or as members of the City Council. In nearly every case they were roundly defeated by the machine candidates.

The troubles of the Fair Dealers began with their designating petitions, each of which required a specified number of signatures. Such petitions are open to challenge by opposing candidates after they have been deposited with the Board of Elections (on which one of four places is held by the head of Tammany). Names were challenged, and in some cases thrown out, because of a blurred letter, a blot, an overly heavy stroke, a change of pen, or the omission of the word "street" or "avenue." Incorrect page numbering was considered sufficient reason to throw out an entire set of hundreds of signatures. The decision of the Board of Elections can be appealed to several successive courts, and in some cases this was tried; but the Fair Dealers were inexperienced, comparatively few in numbers, and lacked funds for the necessary legal work. Their candidates were slaughtered wholesale.

The liberals also got a disillusioning experience in the matter of ringing doorbells. The machines always have plenty of hangers-on with an acute financial interest in the result to do this work; the liberals were busy at other things and their leaders found it difficult to impress volunteers with the urgency of the effort.

Perhaps worst of all was the form of the ballot in every borough except one. Through policies adopted long ago for the apparent purpose of confusing the voter, the names of the candidates themselves do not appear on the ballot at all. The voter is confronted with lists of unfamiliar names of nominees for the "county committee" and it is almost impossible for him to tell which group is pledged to support the candidate in whom he is interested. Moreover, in the primary paper ballots are used instead of voting machines, so that "irregularities" can be claimed as easily as they could in the days before voting machines were invented.

And finally, old General Apathy did his deadly work. Only 10 percent of the voters turned out, and most of these, of course, were people who owe allegiance to the machine.

ON THE LABOR FRONT

Labor disputes over pensions reached crisis proportions this past week. The six-day additional truce between the CIO Steelworkers and the steel industry, and the prospect of peaceful negotiations between the Ford Motor Company and its CIO United Automobile Workers, were encouraging signs that at least some important nationwide strikes might be avoided. If the steel and auto interests followed the recommendations of the President's Fact-Finding Board for company-paid pension and insurance plans, there was a better chance for the negotiations with the United Electrical Workers and the striking CIO Rubber Workers. There was only a faint hope that the United Mine Workers might be able to come to an agreement quickly with all the Southern, Northern and Western coal operators, though settlements in other industries might weaken the operators' position.

This will long be remembered as the year labor bargained for pensions rather than pay. The major labor-management negotiations include:

Steel Workers. President Truman, in his effort to postpone the scheduled steel strike last fortnight, threw substantial support to the union when he asked the steel companies to give "the greatest weight and most earnest consideration" to his Fact-Finding Board's recommendations for non-contributory insurance and pension plans as a basis for agreement. The Board had rejected the union's demand for a fourth-round wage increase of 12.5 cents an hour. Instead, it recommended that the steel industry grant social insurance amounting to four cents per hour and pensions amounting to six. Steelworker President Phil Murray agreed; Big Steel flatly refused, on the ground that any pension-insurance plan must be supported jointly by the companies and the employees.

The union seems certain to strike unless management gives in. Even while bargaining is under way, Bethlehem Steel, Jones & Laughlin, and several other companies have begun to

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bank furnaces. Strike deadline: October 1.

Auto Workers. Ford Motor Company officials made the general picture brighter when they yielded to union demands that they bargain on an employee-pension plan. There are reports that the company has accepted the principle that at least a $50-a-month pension payment should be financed solely by the company.

The Ford offer was equivalent to 8.75 cents an hour, and the company considered it to be in harmony with the steel board's recommendation of a total of 10 cents an hour in social insurance and pensions; Ford already pays 1.25 cents an hour into an insurance plan. Walter P. Reuther, UAW chief, was seeking to get a higher payment which, with federal social-security payments averaging $30 per month, would give retired workers a total of $100 per month.

The UAW last July voted a $12 million strike fund and had threatened to strike on September 29. A walkout would pull 115,000 workers out of the Ford plants. A settlement with Ford would give Reuther leverage in making similar demands on Chrysler, General Motors and other firms.

Mine Workers. John L. Lewis, watching developments in the steel and auto disputes, has for weeks been stalling for time at Bluefield and White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, where he has been negotiating with various coal operators' associations. The future of the United Mine Workers Welfare Fund, built on employer-paid royalties of 20 cents a ton under the last contract, may depend partly on the ultimate settlement in other industries.

The miners now have—or did have until Lewis suspended payments from the Welfare Fund—pensions of $100 a month in addition to whatever might be due under the Social Security Act. John L. and his fellow trustees suspended payments since the fund was depleted. Lewis wants higher royalties, perhaps 40 cents a ton, to avoid cutting down the benefits. Only $14 million is left of the $150 million collected since 1946.

Behind Lewis is the massed power of 480,000 miners who walked out, without even a formal strike call, when welfare payments were suspended. Their new war cry is, "No pensions, no work." The coal strike made idle 31,000 railroad workers. Lewis won't retreat, except as a last resort, from the benefits he has wrested from the operators, and he has a chance to play various groups of operators against one another.

Electrical Workers. The United Electrical Workers, whose left-wing officers were reëlected last week by severely reduced majorities, are threatening strikes against General Electric and Westinghouse. The union has asked a $500-a-year "package" increase for each worker, covering wage increases, reduction of hours, pensions and insurance. A Left-sponsored resolution at the UE convention criticized Murray for accepting the steel Fact-Finding Board's report and implied that the UE would continue to fight for wage increases.

It is doubtful that the UE could successfully operate long-drawn-out strikes for settlements much superior to those gained by auto and steel workers. The union's leadership, despite its convention victory, has a badly split union behind it, and the UE for years has only kept abreast of gains in the auto industry.

Rubber Workers. As the strike of 17,000 United Rubber Workers of America (CIO) against the Goodrich Rubber Company entered its fifth week, the negotiators had agreed on only one point: when and how new contracts will become effective. Rubber workers are asking for a wage increase of 25 cents an hour, monthly company-financed pensions of $100, a health and welfare plan and a union shop. Thus far, company spokesmen have refused to comment on the company's stand. There are indications that Goodrich, like other big firms, is waiting for the outcome in steel and will then follow the general pattern.

OUTSIDE AMERICA

LAUSANNE

Marshal Tito's original sin in the scale of values of the Kremlin sanhedrim was not ideological heresy. Nor was Tito's offense—at the start—political exceptionalism or economic deviation. His army was the only one among those of the Soviet satellites that dared shoot down an American B-17. He outdid his Balkan neighbors in anti-Westernism. Yet automatically and almost overnight, a little more than a year ago, he put himself beyond the pale of Moscow's grace; the hero became a villain, a traitorous nationalist, a counter-revolutionist. For he had flown in the face of the dictum enunciated by Marshal Stalin more than 20 years before, that:

> A revolutionist is a man who is ready to defend the Soviet Union without reserve, without conditions, openly and honestly, without secret military consultations. . . . An internationalist is a man who is ready to defend the Soviet Union without reserve, without hesitation, without conditions. . . . A man who thinks of defending the world revolutionary movement without . . . the Soviet Union is acting against the revolution and must inevitably end up in the camp of the enemies of the revolution.

Tito's crime, his offense and heresy, was to have had reserves. His original sin was military independence. He committed it when he prevented the Russians from taking over his army by infiltration, when he refused to let them make his nation a military bridge to the Adriatic.

The consequences of that original frustration explain the agitation explicit in the new Muscovite barrage of threats against Tito. They also tell why Belgrade is calm and Washington even more calm, indeed beamingly confident; why President Truman chose a time when Yugoslavia was becoming

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the sounding board for the wildest kind of Balkan rumors to say that the war of nerves would end soon with the West's victory.

The explanation is that Albania's number is coming up. The tiny nation which is the Soviet Union's foothold on the Adriatic, and also the base of Soviet military power in the Mediterranean area, is about to be partitioned. Naturally, Enver Hoxa, the Politburo's man in Tirana, could not permit Greece (which, incidentally, is still juridically at war with Albania) to take the southern Albanian province which the Greeks claim as their historic northern Epirus; nor could he allow the Yugoslavs to take a chunk of northern Albania.

But there are Albanians eager to return to Tirana as the rulers of a rump nation. Former King Zog, who holds court in Alexandria under the protection of Egyptian King Farouk, is awaiting call. And in Paris a "Free Albanian" government was set up on August 27, under the benign sponsorship of certain American gentlemen not unconnected with the State Department. Mithat Frasheri, who calls himself Prime Minister, and Abas Cupi, who functions as War Minister, have made it known that they expect to transfer their "government-in-exile" to the United States.

A hint of these plans to deliver a rump Albania to a friendly anti-Communist group was contained in one of the Soviet notes to Belgrade. Moscow said that during World War II "in certain British circles a plan was being hatched for the unification of Austria, Hungary and part of southern Germany into a Danubian monarchy" under the Hapsburgs; "in certain nationalist circles of Slav states, including Yugoslavia, a plan was being put forward for the division of Austria between neighboring states," and "one section of American politicians hatched a plan for the partial division of Italy, demanding the separation of Sicily from Italy."

It is quite true that these and other dismemberment schemes were used as part of Anglo-American psychological warfare (as will be shown if the secret files of the British Special Operations Executive and the American Office of Strategic Services are ever made public). It is not true, however, that the Russians have the right to claim the credit for frustrating them at the end of the war. President Roosevelt ruled out this kind of map-remaking, as he did other Churchillian schemes in the Balkans and elsewhere.

The significance of the Soviet's falsified raking up of the past is its bearing on the future. The Russians are trying to warn Tito away from sharing in the Albanian partition plans. They and he know that they are in no position at present to go to war to save Albania. They know that the time is not ripe for a coup d'état against Tito in Yugoslavia; and as for getting him assassinated, they give him credit for having learned from them how to protect himself.

The present phase of Balkan developments really began with the removal of Markos Vafiades from command of the Greek guerrillas. With "Titoism" infecting the Communist forces and with Yugoslav support gradually withdrawn, the Russians began to lose out in their effort to build a safe military bridge from Bulgaria across Macedonia to Albania. Their next step was to foment anti-Tito feeling in Macedonia. But Soviet Foreign Minister Vishinsky's withdrawal of Russian support from Yugoslav claims to Carinthia at the Paris Conference, which was intended to weaken Tito, had the opposite effect. Tito was able to accuse Moscow of betraying the Slav cause. Then he covered his closing of the Greek-Yugoslav frontier by accusing the Russians of sacrificing the Greek Communists to the Macedonian ambitions of Bulgaria. The Greek Communist movement began to split. Russian prestige was hurt in the south Balkans. Such belligerent statements as Rumanian Ana Pauker's that "the day is not far off when the Tito bandits will render account to the people of Yugoslavia," such acts as Marshal Voroshilov's visit to Bucharest and the Sofia meeting of satellite military chiefs, did not hide from Balkan experts here the fact that Moscow was on the defensive.

By mid-summer, the British military and intelligence services, which had been working hard to win over Tito and to break down Enver Hoxa, turned over their unfinished task to the Americans. The plan for the Import-Export Bank to grant a loan to Belgrade is only a part—a small one—of the recent American activities in the Adriatic area. While James Dunn, American Ambassador to Italy, and Cavendish Cannon, American Ambassador to Yugoslavia, were holding meetings in Rome in early August, the *Basler Nachrichten*, a Swiss newspaper well known for its strong pro-America stand, wrote: "The American diplomats and military men who have been meeting in Rome make no secret of the fact that of all the countries of Southeastern Europe, Albania is now the 'most interesting'."

There is little doubt that while Dean Acheson, Ernest Bevin and Robert Schuman discussed ways and means of presenting a common front against Soviet interference in Yugoslavia by diplomatic coördination and through the United Nations, American, British and French military men were also considering how to exploit the outbreak of an anti-Communist "libertarian" movement in Albania. The idea of Zog as a democrat is, of course, even more ridiculous that that of Francisco Franco as a democrat; and the methods of the Albanian guerrilla bands of the *Balli Kombetar*, with which Frasheri and Cupi worked, aren't exactly those of just process of law. But Albania, one of the most backward, indeed primitive, countries in the world, is not a place in which ideologies mean anything (nor have Enver Hoxa's services to his Muscovite masters deviated much from the Turkish or Italian Fascist past). And if there is any lesson in this web of dangerous intrigue, it is that the Balkans remain the Balkans.

PERCY WINNER

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TO SET THE INDIANS FREE

by Oliver La Farge

FROM TIME TO TIME the average citizen is reminded that some 400,000 American Indians (including a small number of Eskimos and Aleuts) are wards of the United States Government. He may learn that the 50,000 of them in Alaska have never been confirmed in their ancestral lands, or may have his attention called to the increasingly acute situation among many tribes of the arid West, unable to wring a subsistence from their sterile territories and too ignorant to earn their living in any other manner. He may hear of the scandal of illiteracy, destitution and disease existing among the 60,000 Navajos, or be struck by the fantastic difference between the sickness and death rates of the Indians and of our population as a whole.

Whatever may have caught his attention, he notes one overriding fact: these tribes have been under the control of the federal government for 75 to, in some cases, more than 100 years; a special unit, the Bureau of Indian Affairs under the Department of the Interior, has been charged with their welfare for a century, and yet this is all we have to show for it. He concludes, correctly, that something is wrong, and he casts about for a villain.

If the citizen takes the trouble to inform himself fully on Indian Affairs, he soon discovers that there are many different villains, no one of whom is solely to blame unless it be all of us and our whole civilization. He finds that a complex and continuing process of educating Congress, the Executive and the general citizenry is necessary if our Indians are to enjoy an equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that the very solid gains which have been made in the past thirty years have been achieved by just this process, dull and futile though it may seem.

Unfortunately, the average citizen, having been aroused to generous indignation by his sudden view of existing conditions, is all too likely to be sidetracked—just at the point at which he might be of real help—by being given an emotionally satisfying but thought-blocking scapegoat. In Indian Affairs the scapegoat is almost always the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and the usual recommendation is simply to abolish it. The emotion in favor of this is strengthened by the slogan that doing so will "set the Indians free."

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This approach is far more general than one would believe, and is to be found among people who ought to know better. There is, for instance, a much esteemed medical missionary, one who has rendered fine service to the unfortunate Navajos, who regularly gets newspaper space by insisting that all the Navajos need is to be relieved of all federal controls. This, one gathers, will result in the magic creation of a network of roads across the desert wilderness, along which schools and hospitals will spring up at regular intervals; it will so increase the fertility of their land that it will support three times as many people as at present; and it will cure such anti-social phenomena as widespread drunkenness. This sounds ridiculous, but it is a fair reduction to actual cases of the "abolish" school of thought.

A good many people, too, are shocked by the word "wardship," and conclude that our Indians are being held as second-class citizens. Both lines of thought could be dismissed as merely superficial were it not that, inevitably, the people's ideas are reflected in Congress, and that from these *simpliste* misconceptions arise both the introduction of well-meant but ruinous bills and the blocking or distortion of desirable measures.

Human affairs are always complex, Indian affairs perhaps a little more so than usual, because of special dilemmas and the conflict between cultures. The complexity can be illustrated by considering a proposal to remove wardship and Indian Bureau control from an average tribe. (An "average tribe" is, of course, a fiction, but the type is fairly clear.) Here is a group of a few thousand people, of whom the oldest speak no English; the rest are semi-educated by white standards. None has gone to college; none has become a technician.

Tuberculosis is endemic and the general disease rate is high, but the population is increasing. The tribe owns a reservation, mostly semi-arid, with some farming land and a little timber. About two-thirds of the tribe can earn a living from this area, chiefly by grazing cattle; the others depend upon occasional labor, and relief. The tribe is organized, has a tribal council and governs itself moderately well.

These people are citizens *and wards* of the United States. "Citizens" means just that, although a few recalcitrant states, notably Arizona and New Mexico, still struggle valiantly to deny them their full rights;

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the meaning of "ward" requires more explanation.

The tribe's oldest, basic asset is real estate, a reservation, set aside for its exclusive use because its people are Indians. This hereditary property, unique in American law, is held in trust for the tribe by the United States, and is tax-exempt. It, and certain revenues derived from it, may not be disposed of or alienated in any way without the consent of both the trustee and the Indians, except that Congress may, and too often does, appropriate from tribal moneys "for the benefit" of the tribes, without their consent. Further, the federal government is obligated to furnish its wards with schools, hospitals and many other services which communities ordinarily provide for themselves. State law and police power stop at the reservation boundary; the territory within is subject only to federal law and the ordinances passed by the tribe itself. That is the extent of wardship. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that there is no restriction upon the individual, that he may go and come as he chooses, live where he chooses. It is well worth remembering that the late Charles Curtis was a ward Indian when he was Vice President of the United States.

There is a federal law prohibiting the sale of liquor to Indians. It is not a proper part of wardship; bills to repeal it are now before Congress, and the guardian agency, the Indian Bureau, will be happy to see it go.

When we plan to terminate a tribe's wardship, two conditions must be met: the Indians must be culturally and economically ready to fend for themselves; the surrounding community, both the local community and the state as a whole, must be ready to accept them. (Many states would be glad to take over wardship of the Indians, and the accompanying federal funds; that is clearly a different matter.)

If wardship ends, the Indians' property must be taxed. The tribe is barely getting by; the extra burden of a property tax would probably ruin its shaky economy. The land is so poor, and the improvements so slight, that state and county would lose money if they imposed a tax and took over the services that are now being rendered by the federal government. Even prosperous tribes are naturally reluctant to give up this exemption. Hence among both Indians and the Indian states there is a widespread opposition to abolishing wardship, although there are always individual Indians who clamor for the right to realize quick cash by selling their last capital asset, and a considerable number of individual whites who crave a chance to obtain what remains of the Indian estate—leaving the Indians thereafter to public charity.

Most reflective Indians know very well that they are not yet ready to fend for themselves in our culture. For this they blame the Indian Bureau's failure to educate them. They might also blame themselves for past resistance to education. We must not forget the strong influence of an ancient, deep-seated culture, based upon premises entirely unlike ours. Indian culture is remarkably non-competitive. Ours, equally ancient, is based upon competition and highly individual effort to survive in a general free-for-all. Upon this we have grafted refinements such as mortgages, contracts, the importance of reading fine print before signing, the law's delays, a thousand procedures and devices, adding up to an enormously complex, harsh system to which Indians must adjust, emotionally as well as mentally.

If the hand of the federal government were removed, if the Indians had to look to the surrounding community for the group services required for survival in today's world, what would they find? They know that they are a few thousands surrounded by millions. In serious talk, they frequently use the word "discrimination," and they have had experience of it—unequal pay on jobs, promotions denied, inferior housing, social exclusion in many places and, very acutely, unequal treatment by police and courts in the towns just beyond the reservation. They are conscious, and deeply resentful, of many incidents of discrimination, including the condescending kindness of a certain class of well-wishers. They may have a thousand criticisms of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, but they know that it exists to serve them and that, with all its faults, they are safer with it than they would be as a tiny minority in a population which mainly regards Indians as legitimate objects of exploitation.

Most Easterners will be surprised by what I have written about discrimination. It is a local, not national, phenomenon, but the Indians know it well. It is strongest in the Indian country, strongest of all where Indians have valuable property, where they compete most effectively with whites, or where exploitation of them is most highly developed. No states, for instance, advertise their Indians more than do Arizona and New Mexico; none derives a greater revenue from them as tourist attractions as well as producers and consumers;

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and none has gone farther in denying them their rights.

While, generally speaking, neither the Indians nor the states are ready for the abolition of the Indian Bureau, there are notable exceptions, such as the case of the Klamaths of Oregon. In California, both the state and its 20,000 Indians have so advanced that state and federal authorities and the Indians are now working out a procedure for terminating federal responsibility there. In Oklahoma a process of adjustment is proceeding by individuals rather than by tribal groups. These are the successes, and the successes do not make news.

Our concern is with the failures, which affect the majority of Indians, caught between the Bureau of Indian Affairs and Congress. One of the essential difficulties of the Indian problem is that so many laws, procedures and ordinances which we establish for ourselves locally are set up for the Indians by a distant Congress preoccupied with much greater matters. The only way in which the Indians can go free is to obtain the only real security, the comprehension and sympathy of the white world, which will enable them to fend for themselves and face down local bigotries. It is in the lack of this, and not in their special legal status, that Indians today are not free.

You cannot educate the sick or the starving; an essential part of education for modern life is to maintain modern standards in health and in livelihood. There must be a threefold attack: to obtain full education in the academic sense; good health; and economic security. Congress could well lead off by abolishing the outstanding federal discrimination against the Indians—the disgraceful doctrine, maintained by the Bureau of the Budget and supported year after year by Congress, that an inferior health service, staffed by such doctors and nurses as can be obtained to work under impossible conditions for substandard pay, is good enough for the tribes.

Congress should in part support, in part drive, the Bureau of Indian Affairs in aggressive action against the dilemma created by their common past mistakes, the dilemma of thousands of people bound by ignorance to land from which it is impossible to wrest a living. There are several "rehabilitation bills" now before Congress which point the way—if action can be had on them.

The Indian problem is national. Its solution begins with the people—including the Indians. These "wards" of ours have great innate ability; given an even chance, they will soon enough override local prejudices and discriminations. When they are solidly self-supporting, masters of our techniques and devices, sound in health, the Indians themselves will abolish the Indian Bureau by rendering it superfluous.

ISRAEL AND AMERICA

by J. L. Teller

THERE is an impressive backlog of pro-American feeling in Israel. This is not due, as one might suppose, to the natural and obvious ties the Israelis have with Jewish Americans.

The Israelis' attitude toward the American Jew is ambivalent. Israelis—government and people—concede that American Jewry's financial assistance and political support have contributed to the making of their state, and will for many years continue to be indispensable to its financial and international political fortunes. None the less, they do not conceal their disappointment that American Jews have failed to demonstrate their faith in the Israeli people through large-scale investments, and that sixteen months after the establishment of the state their enthusiasm has so abated as to be reflected in the results of the United Jewish Appeal. The Israelis are not impressed by explanations about an American recession. They also reflect, with sadness and some bitterness, that Israel, encircled by retarded states lacking in responsible leadership, requires manpower from American Jewry in addition to political and financial support.

America's popularity was somewhat weakened by this country's indecisive stand on Israel at the United Nations. Although not ingrates, the Israeli remember the critical junctures at which the State Department wavered, and even retreated, and that only President Truman's last-minute intervention cast the die in Israel's favor. An Israeli newspaperman who had attended the UN sessions said of the American delegation: "They have been like biblical Bilom, who had come to curse and was constrained to bless."

Nevertheless, pro-American sentiment in Israel is universal, permeating all levels of the population. It dates back to America's first intervention for Zionism in the days of Woodrow Wilson, and still alive as a contemporary experience in the memory of Prime Minister Ben Gurion's generation is this country's intervention against the Czarist pogroms and its service as

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sanctuary and restorer of their human dignity to Jewish multitudes fleeing those pogroms.

The younger Israelis—particularly the *sabras* (native-born), who, like Americans, are aggressive, competent and impatient to get things done—stand virtually in awe before our technological "know-how." This is reflected in all kinds of ways. "Brooklyn Ice Cream" reads the electric sign over the entrance to a crowded, almost boisterous ice-cream parlor on Allenby Street, near the Israeli Parliament. Anyone or anything that is really "super" is called "Parker 51" in Israeli slang. In a bank I have heard an endorser recommend a borrower in these words: "You can trust him. He is as good as nylon."

Indications are, however, that this sentiment, which is genuine affection, may soon begin to dwindle in Israel, as it has in other countries, as a result of our recent behavior at home and abroad, and more particularly as a reaction to the policy the State Department is pursuing with regard to the new state. The evolution of our cold war overseas into a witch hunt on the domestic scene can hardly increase our prestige with a people engaged in social experimentation and prone to draw hasty analogies between mob violence in Peekskill, a Florida lynch rabble's chase after a Negro reporter and their own disastrous experiences in recent decades.

Self-centered as are all nations in the incipient stages of their nationhood, the Israelis are concerned primarily with our attitude toward their own fortunes, and favorable last-minute reversals by the US cannot, in their view, outweigh the adverse effect of our harassing day-to-day policy. The Israelis require trade, hard currency, peace. The State Department's attitude, they charge, has only increased the insecurity of their nation, which is still technically at war with its neighbors.

Implicit in the armistice agreements was the Arabs' concurrence in the frontiers acquired by the Israeli forces through their defeat of the invading Arab armies and exceeding the boundaries set out in the UN partition resolution. It was their hope of obtaining Arab acquiescence in the establishment of the new state that caused the Israelis to agree to the partition boundaries whose indefensibility was pointed out at the time by their spokesmen, and it is sheer folly to expect that, having been invaded and having warred and won, they would retreat to borders that could only encourage new invasions.

They ask, furthermore, why the American demand for the relinquishing of Palestine territory has been made unilaterally, of Israel alone, and not of the Arab states, which have no status at all under the UN partition resolution and can have no claim to victors' spoils after their resounding defeat.

There is also State Department pressure with regard to the repatriation of the Palestine Arab refugees. The Israelis contend that the flight of the Arab population was part of the invasion pattern, and that the primary obligation toward them must be assumed, therefore, by the Arab states as a concomitant of their military defeat. They say that their government has behaved not without magnanimity in this matter. Following the second UN truce in the summer of 1948, the Arab population in Israel was between 35,000 and 50,000. Territorial exchanges, resulting from the armistice negotiations, and illegal infiltration have increased the Arab population to 170,000. Moral obligations moved them to commit themselves to the admission of 20,000 to 30,000 more in order to reunite Arab families, and the desire to appease Washington fathered their proposal to repatriate another 100,000. This would bring the Arab population in Israel to 290,000 or 300,000—a little more than one-third of the present Jewish population of 850,000.

The State Department, however, is pressing for an even larger number. Although Israeli officialdom is silent about the exact American figure, it is generally believed to be 250,000, which would bring the Arab population to 450,000, or considerably more than half of the Jewish population.

The Israelis point out that not only is this American demand impossible, but that even their original offer carried a calculated risk. To repatriate such large numbers would be infinitely more difficult than to have integrated them into the structure of the new state. Overwhelmed by the task of assimilating Jews from many cultures, amenable to assimilation within their own people, the Israeli government would have the horrendous burden of culturally assimilating—"culturally" is used in the widest sense, to include economic and political adjustments, customs and morals—a retarded and almost hopelessly demoralized mass of Arabs. These people might then release against Israel the vast resentment which now threatens the Arab states that contain them. With a large segment of the Jewish DP population still unemployed and crowding barracks and tents, such an influx would enrage the Israelis and seriously strain the country's economy.

There has been talk of financial assistance from the US through President Truman's Point Four and the so-called McGhee plan, if the Israelis should undertake large-scale Arab repatriation. The Israelis shrug off this talk with grim and eloquent gestures. Even if such

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assistance were forthcoming, there would still remain the security peril of an Arab Sudeten population. And with the prevailing Congressional mood in regard to American overseas spending, talk of the implementation of Point Four is mere deception. The McGhee plan, they say, is a nebulous idea based on the vague, though perhaps honest, desire to raise living standards in the Middle East. The old crew is still in charge at the State Department; McGhee is still to learn the ropes; and the only concrete proposal he has yet made is that the Jews concede on both the boundary dispute and the question of Arab refugees.

Hard-pressed for dollar credits, the Ben Gurion coalition government would welcome American aid, whether through the as-yet-nonexistent McGhee plan or through a palatable form of Marshall aid.

Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett's recent statement that Israel could not accept Marshall aid "under present conditions," which the opposition parties will interpret as a veiled plea for such aid, was a daring utterance in view of the prevailing sentiment about State Department designs. Like Britain, Israel can hope to obtain hard currency primarily through exports. She cannot export because production costs are high and she lacks the hard currency for the purchase of raw materials that would decrease production costs by increasing output. The Marshall-aid strings feared by Sharett involve not only military commitments but possible American dictation as to the socio-economic structure of the new state.

The Ben Gurion coalition government's warm friendship for the US is beyond question. However, American pressure on vital issues, added to the discomforts resulting from the austerity program, a continued state of war, housing shortages, et cetera, threatens eventually to undermine the prestige of the Israeli government, whose quandary is being assiduously exploited by the opposition from Right and Left. In the leftist camp, it might lend strength within the Mapam to its negligible but unqualifiedly pro-Soviet group led by Moshe Sneh, probably the first unabashed opportunist in Israeli political leadership, which has been dominated by consistent, even if erring, men. The infinitesimal Communist Party also is making hay. It may not be able to increase its tiny following, but it can certainly help to place the Ben Gurion coalition in disrepute with a sorely tried, admirably patient and indefatigably loyal people. Since present State Department policy is likely to weaken the coalition, Israelis believe that Washington is driving the wrong way toward the goal of economic and political stability in the Middle East.

Trouble in Burma

As BURMA approaches the second anniversary of her freedom from Great Britain, her troubles continue to mount. The Socialist Government is bedeviled by the Burmese Communists, by economic difficulties and by the shortage of trained and experienced administrators for the government posts vacated by the British and for the key jobs in the nationalized industries.

The Communists are practically engaged in a civil war (as they are in most other places in Southeast Asia, under the policy agreed upon in the international Communist conference in February, 1948, in Calcutta). They are winning some peasant support, with a program to give the land to those who work it, free of rent or taxes. In the cities, they attack the present regime as being still a tool of Great Britain. (This is because Premier Thakin Nu has agreed that foreigners should be repaid for property which is nationalized, and that Burma's debt to Britain should be honored.)

In addition to the Communists, there are many other armed bands, large and small, roaming the countryside. Some of them are former quislings who first fought on the side of the Japanese and later, in many cases, on the side of the Allies. They have plenty of arms and ammunition, left over from the war. "The trouble with Burma is too many guns," a Burmese editor complained to me. "The government can never attain peace without getting these guns out of the hands of the people."

Another dissident group is the Karen tribesmen, about 10 percent of the total Burmese population of 18 million, who want an independent government.

In theory, Burma is trying to be friends both with Russia and the West; Russia has given, and received, diplomatic recognition. In fact, however, the government is pretty firmly in the Western orbit.

The Thakin Nu regime began with ambitious plans for socializing the economy, eliminating high rents, usury, the piling up of fortunes and the drain of profits and resources abroad. The forests and some navigation have been nationalized. The Burmese, however, badly lack skilled administrators for these enterprises. They complain—and with some truth—that the British did not train the natives for these responsibilities.

At the same time, resentment against Britain, and the West in general, prevents hiring Occidental experts, even on a salary basis. This attitude, coupled with rising prices and commodity shortages, is discouraging the British, and other foreigners, who still remain in Burma; many of them are selling their property at dis-

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tress prices and pulling out. Predictions are freely made that regardless of what Thakin Nu says, payments will never be made for the nationalized property. In spite of her great national resources in oil, minerals, rice and timber, Burma's foreign-trade balance, once highly favorable, has deteriorated and Nu has been forced to appeal for foreign loans. And all the while the Chinese Communists march steadily toward the south and tension throughout this part of the world continues to mount.

WALTER L. BRIGGS

Walter L. Briggs is a free-lance writer who recently made an extended tour of the Orient.

HAROLD L. ICKES: *A Gnat Would Be an Elephant*

EVERYONE KNOWS about the frog that tried to become an ox. This is another fable—about the gnat that aspired to be an elephant. By deep intakes of air and a persistent outthrusting of its anatomy, both above and below the waistline, the gnat is trying to make itself believe that even if it has not yet achieved the desired size, it is well on its way. This ambitious performer is Patrick McCarran of Nevada, boss of the United States Senate by grace of a 30,595-to-21,816 victory over his opponent in his last election; by grace also of his seniority, which levels down and not up; by grace also of a default in Senate leadership.

At the moment, our rotund Nevadan, apparently ignoring the dictum that "nobody loves a fat man," is junketing in Europe at public expense. He has taken the risk of leaving the Senate while it is still in session and might conceivably pluck up courage enough in his absence to function as a free and democratic body. His decision to play hookey for three weeks can only have been because he believed that he had the Senate so completely cowed that it would not dare to think for itself.

In any event, the Senate's one and only (fortunately) Pat has injected himself into a new job in addition to the one he has been performing with such unfortunate results to the country. Whether he knows it or not, he has crudely encroached upon strictly executive powers. Another man might have been satisfied with requiring the United States Senate to eat out of his hand. But not Pat. He must go to Europe to investigate the morals, manners and facial characteristics of those victims of Hitler's deviltries known as Displaced Persons who have been eating out their souls in concentration camps, waiting for the day when the United States at last would show a reasonable amount of the good will, brotherly love and Christian grace about which Pat can spout as well as another on the Fourth of July.

It is safe to predict that when Pat returns to his personally-policed temporary Senate Chamber, he will again graciously permit his fellow Senators to function, after their own strange fashion, except on issues in which he has a personal or political interest. These cover a wide range, from Indian lands and the nation's oil to Nevada silver and the public grasslands.

Before legislative-executive Pat decided to run the risk of seasickness on the luxury liner *Queen Mary*, he proclaimed in New York that in addition to examining the tonsils of unfortunate DP's, he would go to Spain to talk with malignant little Franco about the resumption of diplomatic relations. He would also discuss with Franco, in language that both would understand, such a loan as Pat unsuccessfully tried to sneak through the Senate recently. Dictator Pat ought to feel perfectly at home with Dictator Franco. The latter, in addition to exiling and murdering better Spaniards than himself, is another gnat that has been trying to become an elephant.

I wonder whether Senator Pat assumed the role of "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Large" with the consent of the State Department. If not, why has State not disclaimed him and announced that he has no right or authority to discuss any diplomatic question with Franco or with anyone else? Isn't there enough spunk in the Department to resent such an arrogant blow at its prestige, such contemptuous invasion of its authority?

Of course, Franco will appreciate the propaganda value of Senator Pat's visit, and will take full advantage of it to the detriment of the United States. Equally, of course, Senator Pat will have no compunction about embarrassing his own country. It may even have been his purpose to do so. It is gratifying that President Truman promptly repudiated Senator Pat as a self-starting ambassador to Franco. The President has made it clear that McCarran is "not representing this government in any way, and has no authority to commit the United States to anything." But what is the Milquetoast Department of State doing about it? What instructions has it issued to our representative in Madrid, or to United States diplomats in other countries where Senator Pat proposes to exhibit, for the benefit of all, such charms, graces and refinements as undoubtedly will be in the best American tradition?

HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE BATTLE OVER EZRA POUND

by Malcolm Cowley

THE LITERARY BATTLE of the year is being fought over Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Award. Since the end of the Federal Arts Projects it is the only battle among and against the bookmen that has reached the floor of Congress or, as the cannon thundered, has forced an agency of the United States Government to sue for peace.

Hostilities started late last winter with a statement by the Fellows of the Library of Congress. Under a grant from the Bollingen Foundation they were offering a $1,000 prize, which was to be awarded annually to the best new book of poems by an American citizen. They announced on February 23 that the first year's prize had gone to *The Pisan Cantos*, by Ezra Pound, who is a citizen under indictment for treason. Judged to be insane by a medical board, he has been confined in St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington.

At first there were only mild skirmishes over the award. A few newspapers printed favorable editorials, while others were puzzled rather than angry; they wondered who were the Fellows of the Library of Congress and why they had chosen a book by a guaranteed-to-be-crazy poet who had given radio broadcasts for the enemy, like Axis Sally and Tokyo Rose. It was learned that the Fellows were an unpaid advisory group of poets and critics appointed by the Librarian of Congress; at present the group has fourteen members. Two of them, Karl Shapiro and Paul Green, announced that they hadn't voted for Pound's book and apparently there was one other vote against it, leaving it as the first choice of eleven Fellows. Dwight Macdonald, the editor of *Politics*, praised their decision for its freedom from prejudice; he called it "the brightest political act in a dark period." William Barrett dissented in *Partisan Review*, on the ground that the form of a poem cannot be judged apart from its content. He quoted passages to show that the content of *The Pisan Cantos* was fascist and anti-Semitic.

Three of the Fellows stated their various positions in the correspondence columns of the same magazine. The battle was dying away in scattered shots and letters to the editor when suddenly the *Saturday Review of Literature* marched in with fresh battalions, like Blücher at Waterloo.

In two long articles (the *SRL*, June 11 and 18) Robert Hillyer charged that the award to Pound was an insult "to our Christian war dead"—that was one of his phrases—besides being part of a far-flung conspiracy against American ways of life and literature. He did not state, but he took time and space to imply, that the conspirators included Paul Mellon the financier, T. S. Eliot the Nobel prize-man and Dr. Carl G. Jung the psychoanalyst, besides the Bollingen Foundation, the Pantheon Press, at least half the Fellows of the Library of Congress, all the poets who admire Pound or Eliot, all the "new critics," most of the literary quarterlies and I don't know how many other persons and institutions. Their common aim, he said, was the seizure of power in the literary world, and beyond that "the mystical and cultural preparation for a new authoritarianism."

Those are big words and the editors of the *Saturday Review* supported them. In the same issue as the first of Hillyer's articles they printed a statement which, defying lightning and suits for libel, was doubly signed for the editorial board by Norman Cousins, Editor, and Harrison Smith, President. "The Bollingen Prize given to Ezra Pound will eventually set off a revolution of no mean dimensions," they prophesied. It has indeed set off a revolution in their correspondence columns, where hundreds of readers have leaped into print and combat.

This revolution by letters to the editor has been rich in patriotic slogans: "Up with the English classics!"—"Down with the cult of unintelligibility!"—"Down with the new criticism!"—"Down with the crypto-fascist dogs!"—"Down, down with expatriates!"—"Save our college girls from reading T. S. Eliot!" Even here in the Connecticut hills one hears the drums of conflict interrupting the Yankee twang of the mowing machine; and it is hard for us not to join the cultured mob that is apparently getting ready to storm the Library of Congress, drive out the new authoritarians and hang Eliot to the nearest, if any, lamp post. But another voice, perhaps that of the mowing machine, warns us to stop and see what the issues are before we begin to fight.

Is there any real conspiracy in the literary world to promote what Hillyer calls "a new authoritarianism"? Look as hard as I could, I found no signs of it; nor could I find many connections among the persons and institutions listed in Hillyer's two articles. Besides Ezra Pound there is one man on the list, one only, who may have been a fascist sympathizer at one time. It seems that Dr. Jung spoke well of Hitler before 1938, but his American disciples insist that he afterwards changed his mind. Incidentally there are very few of these disciples and none of them is a "new critic" or a Fellow of the Library of Congress.

Let us consider some of the others

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indicted by Hillyer as members of a conspiracy against the American way of life. Paul Mellon, the son of Andrew Mellon, is a public-spirited man who has done a great deal for American literature, chiefly through the Bollingen Foundation. I know several writers who have received grants from the Foundation and not one of them shows a trace of fascist thinking; they include the usual mixture of liberals, conservatives and political bystanders. Although the Foundation gave money to the Library of Congress with which to make a poetry award, it did not know—nor did Paul Mellon know—that Pound was being considered for the first year's prize.

And the Pantheon Press: what malice or misinformation prompted Hillyer to drag it into his articles as if into the prisoner's dock? It is a small publishing house founded by two refugees from Hitler and very favorably known for its editions of the European classics. By now it has received the apologies of the *Saturday Review*. The editors should also offer their apologies to T. S. Eliot. Hillyer implied that he exercised a malign influence over the other Fellows and persuaded them to give the award to Pound; whereas it is a matter of record that he neither nominated *The Pisan Cantos* for the prize nor argued that it was the best book to choose; he merely cast one vote for it among eleven. Hillyer also called him "a disciple of Dr. Jung," an author whom Eliot has not read. His own political convictions are traditional, conservative and not in the least totalitarian. Eliot is a pluralist who believes that we owe our loyalties, not to the state alone, but also to church, class, family, region and profession. He thinks it is a symptom of decay and a catastrophe in itself for the state to become all-powerful.

And what about the other Fellows of the Library? I have known most of them for years and respect them all as men and writers. It is ridiculous to charge them with anti-Semitism or with having fascist sympathies. Since the award was made I have talked with some of them; they said that Pound's politics was crazy and contemptible. One Fellow had read the text of Pound's broadcasts for the Italian government and thought that the poet, if he recovered his sanity, should be tried for treason. "But that is a matter for the courts to decide," he said. "Our job wasn't to pass on the question of Pound's loyalty; we were giving a prize for a book of poems."

On account of statements like this the Fellows have been accused of advancing the false principle that art is entirely separate from life. Those with whom I talked insisted that they had no such intention. To paraphrase what some of them said—for I cannot remember the exact words—they felt that too many second-rate authors had been given prizes for expressing the right opinions. We criticize the Russians—and rightly, they added—for making poets follow a party line; yet recently some American critics have been treating our own poets in the same fashion, demanding that they be wholesome, popular and patriotic. The Fellows insisted that there are other virtues in literary works than those of the good citizen or the government official. Originality, learning, sharpness of image, purity of phrase and a strict literary conscience: these are virtues, too, and they are present in Pound's work along with his contemptible politics. By giving him the prize, the Fellows said, they were defending "that objective perception of value on which any civilized society must rest."

After listening to their arguments I am certain that the Fellows were trying hard to perform their double duty as citizens and men of letters. It is silly to accuse them of weaving plots and harboring dire motives. The real questions about their choice are literary rather than political; or rather the literary and the political questions are so intermingled that by answering the first we also answer the second. What we should ask is whether, in giving their prize to *The Pisan Cantos*, the Fellows were choosing the right ground on which to defend the objective perception of value. Under the stated terms of the award, do Pound's last *Cantos* represent "the highest achievement of American poetry" during the year 1948? If they fail to represent that achievement, then the Fellows were wrong by their own standards and the great arguments about poetry and treason, form and content, the new poets and the new criticism can all be deferred to a better occasion.

So let us consider the book, the author and the curious position he occupies in the history of art in our time. For some thirty years after 1907 Pound was an explorer, a precursor, a discoverer of new moods and manners and critical standards. He exerted a decisive influence on the work of several authors greater than himself, including Yeats, Eliot and Hemingway. And he continued to write, write in various fashions, classical, medieval, Japanese and Mandarin, until he finally patched together a multilingual style of his own and accumulated an imposing body of work—imposing in its bulk and in the brilliant phrases scattered through it like sunbeams in a fog; and yet how much of it will survive?

My friends keep praising his Mauberley poems, first published in 1915; and I read them again last week with a good deal of admiration, it is true, but also with the feeling that they had inspired better poems by Eliot and E. E. Cummings. There are fine lyrics scattered through the rest of his work from beginning to end, with three of them even in the bumbling *Pisan Cantos*; but he usually spoils the lyrics by some intrusive gesture of pedantry or self-assertion, like an actor who insists on taking his bows before the play has ended. Spoiled work: that is the phrase for most of Pound's poems and I think for all the *Cantos*; they are never cheap or easy, never lacking in new phrases, but they are spoiled—and spoiled by

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vices that are inseparable from the virtues of his poetry; spoiled like the man himself by arrogance, crotchets, self-indulgence, obsessive hatreds, contempt for ordinary persons, the inability to see the world in motion (everything in Pound's poems is frozen, as in a gallery of broken plaster casts) and finally by a lack of constructive power that keeps him from building his separate perceptions into unified works of art.

Arrogance, crotchets and self-indulgence are also the faults that mark his brief political career. Since his personality is the same in all fields, it is hard to draw a distinction between his art and his life, between the form and the content of his work or between his poetry and his politics. I confess to being less excited than others by the public implications of his disloyalty. The *London Times Literary Supplement* wasn't altogether frivolous when it said that his worst crime wasn't his broadcasts for Mussolini but his translations from Propertius. The broadcasts were silly and ineffective. They did not succeed in persuading American soldiers to desert or malinger—the GI's weren't even amused by his thirty-year-old American slang—nor can I believe that his anti-Semitic outbursts caused the death of a single Jew among the millions who perished. This brilliantly gifted man who had failed to become another Propertius or Ovid failed again in the role of Coriolanus; the spoiled great poet was also a spoiled traitor, despised and laughed at by his foreign masters. After being arrested by his own countrymen he was sent to a mental hospital without being granted the dignity of a public trial. It was the perfect retribution, a spoiled punishment for a spoiled crime.

The Pisan Cantos is the weakest of his books, the most crotchety and maundering. It contains two almost-fine lyrics, both spoiled by pedantry, and a third lyric of twenty lines that belongs with the best verse of our time:

The ant's a centaur in his dragon world.
Pull down thy vanity, it is not man
Made courage, or made order, or made grace,
Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.
Learn of the green world what can be thy place. . . .

That is superb, but there is not enough of it to redeem a disordered book of disordered observations, an old man's mutterings. In American poetry 1948 was not distinguished, but still it was the year when William Carlos William published the second long volume of his *Paterson.* Archibald MacLeish had a new book of poems, *Actfive,* and Peter Viereck a very lively first book. It seems to me that *The Pisan Cantos* was the worst of several possible choices; but my chief grievance against the Fellows is that by giving a prize to Pound they forced him back into the limelight, thus destroying the symmetry and perfect justice of his fate.

Against Hillyer one is justified in having other and more serious grievances. For thirty years he has been a poet and professor involved in many of the literary and academic struggles of his time. He regards Eliot and W. H. Auden as his poetic rivals and he has attacked them often, in articles that revealed an obsessed rage. Some of the "new critics" have been his academic rivals, at Harvard and now at Kenyon College, and he has battled with them, too. It would seem that his two articles in the *Saturday Review* are an attempt to carry this private warfare into a national or international field where all the issues become inflated and falsified.

Let us put the articles to the semantic test of seeing what courses of action he was advising, and to whom.

To Congress he was saying quite plainly, "Investigate the Bollingen Award and force T. S. Eliot to resign as a Fellow of the Library." Representative Jacob K. Javits (R, N. Y.) had no sooner read the articles than he demanded such an investigation. Eliot hasn't been asked to resign, a demand which would be a grave discourtesy, and the investigation seems to have been canceled;

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but the mere threat of it has forced the Library of Congress to withdraw the Bollingen Award, as well as two other annual prizes it had offered, for prints and chamber music. Historically this withdrawal is almost the end of the effort, started when Archibald MacLeish was Librarian, to create a living relationship between the Library and the artists and writers of our time. So far as Hillyer is responsible for the retreat, I do not think that he should be proud.

But he had messages for others besides congressmen and government officials. Thus, he was saying to Paul Mellon and other wealthy men who had made or thought of making grants to encourage American writing, "Be careful, save your money, the *Saturday Review* is watching you." The Rockefeller Foundation has helped two of the literary quarterlies to pay fair rates to their contributors. Hillyer was telling the Foundation, in effect, "These quarterlies print the 'new critics,' who don't like my work and I'm sure are tainted with fascism. Don't renew their grants when they expire." Many of the universities have been adding poets and critics to their faculties. Hillyer seemed to be warning their boards of trustees, "Make sure that the poets and critics don't admire Eliot or I guarantee that you'll get into trouble."

Writers are like doctors and priests and judges in that they have a double duty, to the public and to the values of their own profession. With his muttered threats and his charges of a vast conspiracy, Hillyer has been false to both obligations. He has misled the public about the nature of an argument among poets and critics, while he has harmed all writers in his attempt to punish a few. Today there is a war in which the battle over Ezra Pound is merely an episode. The little American republic of letters is under attack by pretty much the same forces as those to which the Russian writers have already yielded: that is, by the people who prefer slogans to poetry and national self-flattery to honest writing. Hillyer has gone over to the enemy, like Pound in another war. Worsted in a struggle among his colleagues and compatriots, he has appealed over their heads and under false colors to the great hostile empire of the Philistines.

THEATRE: Around Shakespeare

READING Ivor Brown's biography of *Shakespeare* (Doubleday; $4), one begins to think not only of the dramatist himself, but even more of certain basic questions which it was once believed essential for every serious student of the theatre to examine. Brown is a practising dramatic critic in London. The virtue of his sensible and readable book is that it treats Shakespeare not alone as the shining glory of English literature, but as a man of the theatre. From the latter standpoint, however, Brown fails to take advantage of a subject that might have led him directly into the problem of the relation between literature and the theatre.

Shakespeare's eminence as a poet serves the literary-minded as positive proof that the theatre exists for the writer. "In the beginning was the Word" is, for these people, an esthetic dogma. A true theatre man would alter the dogma to read: in the beginning was the Deed. Actually there is, at least in terms of the theatre, a semantic trick in divorcing word from deed, since words are hardly conceivable apart from deeds or actions, and actions are usually accompanied by words, their symbols and extensions. Historically speaking, it is certain that semi-religious dances, ceremonies that were chiefly pantomime carried out to fulfill primitive needs, lay at the origin of what we now call theatre.

This dispute would have little importance if it were not that in modern times the two schools have developed a deep misunderstanding, one that has the effect of diminishing the theatre's strength. There are critics—and with them playwrights, producers, actors and even playgoers—who speak of the theatre not only as if it were a branch of literature but even as if it were a special philosophical branch. Thus the able and interesting Eric Bentley in his book, *The Playwright as Thinker*, speaks indulgently of Sartre and Cocteau as playwrights because he is interested in their ideas, and waves aside the far more potent O'Neill and O'Casey because they have less intellectual appeal.

On the other hand, there are some critics—as well as playwrights, producers, actors and playgoers—who are so skeptical of "ideas" in the theatre that they would confine Shakespeare between covers and to the classroom. Shakespeare was a man of the theatre who happened to be a master poet, just as Ibsen, another true man of the theatre, happened to be an extraordinarily acute prophet in regard to nineteenth-century society, and O'Neill, the actor's son, a poignant voice echoing the secret grievances of the American consciousness.

On esthetic as well as historical grounds, I am inclined to "favor" the theatre-conscious, rather than the literary-conscious, approach to the theatre. The theatre without the "book" (ideals, ideas and sound literary or "intellectual" values) tends to become shabby and paltry; the "bookish" theatre not rooted in vital theatre qualities tends to anemia and petrification. My chief reason for believing the purely literary approach to the theatre a dangerous one is that it tends to make theatre people think of their work as illustration rather than as creation; it cuts down their ambition so that their standards become those of third-rate journeymen rather than first-rate artists.

The theatre needs great plays (even as the literary folk say), but the better the plays the greater the challenge to theatre folk to make themselves equal to such plays. When actors, directors

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and scene designers begin to realize that they must be artists in their own right (and when the practical organization of the theatre allows them the freedom to put this realization into effect), the word *theatrical* will have the same dignity as the word "literary" and not, as now, suggest mere display at the expense of meaning.

HAROLD CLURMAN

MUSIC: End-of-Summer

THE MODERN DANCE put its best foot forward at New London, Connecticut, in late August, when Connecticut College presented the second annual America Dance Festival on its sightly and peaceful campus. The festival was established a year ago to promote cooperation and the sense of a common goal among the arrant individualists of the modern dance, who throughout the rest of the year pursue their separate, lonely and usually unprofitable courses without much exchange of ideas or pooling of resources. Last year Martha Graham and her company, infinitely the most arresting and creative group in the field of "expressional" (non-balletic) dance, dominated the festival; this summer Miss Graham decided not to return. Nothing better could have happened to the festival. No longer under the shadow of her great personality, the other dancers and choreographers made a better showing than they had last year. I even began to hope that the modern-dance movement may after all possess some freshness and vitality.

The most dynamic figure at New London was Valerie Bettis, who last year moved from the modern-dance stage into the revue, "Inside U.S.A.," and came close to stealing the show from Beatrice Lillie with her dance, "The Haunted Heart." Miss Bettis is the only modern dancer of the younger generation whose instinctive bodily movement manifests the strong, uncompromising, irresistible communicativeness that has made Miss Graham a major artist. Sharply accented, staccato, and full of lightning-speed shifts of focus and acrobatic thrusts, Miss Bettis' style commands complete attention and, from me at least, complete allegiance.

Her chief shortcoming at present is an almost total inability to organize her dance ideas, and those she provides for her expert company, into clear and ordered forms. She still tries to compose her pieces too much along lines that are academic after twenty years of modern-dance tradition, and her subservience to this authority gives her pieces a sterility of effect not intrinsic to their real content. Perhaps she will ultimately find a way to display originality in forms that are appropriate to it. She has not made much progress in the past five years, but in the end she will be either a great success or a great failure: she is not a mediocrity, and of what other modern dancer—except Miss Graham—can you say as much?

At Tanglewood, the closing week of the Berkshire Music Festival was primarily a Benjamin Britten fiesta. At the beginning of the week, the Opera Department of the Berkshire Music Center, under the direction of Boris Goldovsky, presented Britten's comic opera, "Albert Herring," for the first time. On the final Saturday evening, Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with the aid of three vocal soloists and a large student chorus, introduced the "Spring Symphony," a work commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation.

"Albert Herring" proved to be cute, self-conscious, and elaborate in its use of trick devices; seldom witty and almost never funny. The plot and the characters who embellish it must appeal to the British sense of humor,

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Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Daniel Mebane, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

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MARIAN T. KEENAN, Notary Public.
My commission expires March 30, 1951.

since they are said to like the opera; the American response at Tanglewood was discouragingly sobersided. The story deals with a grocer's clerk who is crowned King of the May, because no girl in Loxford retains sufficient virginity to be named Queen. The concoction is as pale as garden-party pink lemonade and though an hour of it might be tolerable, a whole evening is dreary. Britten's score seems more concerned with the advertisement of his own cleverness than with the depiction of characters and humor.

The "Spring Symphony" is a richer and more mature work, though it too often suffers from its composer's tendency to value mere facility. It is not really a symphony at all, but a big choral-orchestral work in the British choral-society tradition of Sir Edward Elgar, Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst.

The text comprises a miniature Golden Treasury of Lyrics extolling spring, by the best British poets from the anonymous author of "Sumer Is Icumen In" to W. H. Auden. The music is by turns blithe, turbulent and gently meditative. It sounds delightful until you compare it with the music of composers who manage to say much more without becoming any less delightful. The solo vocal parts, which involve whistling, yodeling and yipping as well as straightforward singing, were superbly handled by Frances Yeend, Eunice Alberts and David Lloyd.

Lloyd, a tenor with only a couple of years' professional experience, undertook such diverse assignments at Tanglewood as the tenor parts in the Britten symphony, a florid Bach cantata, Liszt's "A Faust Symphony" and Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," as well as the title role of "Albert Herring." He showed himself to be a musician of exceptional insight and an unusually wide range of perceptions, an admirable vocal technician (though his voice will probably always be too light for the Metropolitan), and a capable and imaginative actor. CECIL SMITH

MOVIES: The Failure to Cope

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI went north from Rome to Berlin with a skeleton crew of cameramen and assistants and with a handful of rough notes on what he wanted to say in "Germany Year Zero." Rossellini prefers to work without a script, and, for a director as subtle, quick-witted and confident as he showed himself to be in "Open City" and "Paisan," it is the right approach. The elaborate, dictatorial scripts of present-day Hollywood are a phenomenon of an industry confined by codes and engaged in quick-freezing the products of other people's minds.

But a man who works off the cuff, who trusts his instinct to weave a story with a purring camera, must be saturated by the milieu he is investigating, and Rossellini is no German. He knows some true things about Germany, but when he tried to work his notes into the fabric of a picture, the narrative stammered and struck notes which, if not demonstrably false, are yet unconvincing.

The sorrows and depravities of postwar Berlin are told in "Germany Year Zero" through the familiar device of a child's adventures. It is an effective convention, but a demanding one, and what you gain in simplicity and directness, you must pay for in perfection. It is impossible to cover up weak plotting or false motivation when your hero is a young boy.

Rossellini moves his child from point to point on a chart, using him to demonstrate that Germany is a land of hunger, despondency, degradation and hopelessness. A young man refuses to work, an old man won't die, a little girl is debauched, a former Nazi corrupts children, and all of them stand stiff as signposts on the boy's arbitrarily tragic journey. Toward the end, there is a scene in which, as a

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poor coffin is carried out to the street, a rubbish truck clatters by and momentarily blocks the view. That kind of symbolism sets your teeth on edge, it is so thought-out and cold. And "Germany Year Zero" is so cold a work of the mind that it is possible to watch a child being destroyed soul and body and not be moved.

The picture is introduced by Quentin Reynolds in a bit of prose that is florid even for a master of purple journalism. At one point he says: "It was as though the past two thousand years had never existed . . . it was the year zero for Germany." It is not clear whether this zero notion is Rossellini's or Reynolds', but it is certainly not true. Germany is not without a history —just without the right kind.

The faults in Darryl F. Zanuck's "Pinky," Elia Kazan directing, are not the same as Rossellini's but they are as great. Far from being cold, it is sticky hot: an attempt to adapt the problem of race prejudice to the requirements of a *Ladies Home Journal* serial, from which source the story was borrowed. "Pinky" is a fooling around with the terrible sickness of bigotry, a mass-market romance given a shot of social responsibility because in the recent past a number of better pictures have shown that it pays to have a conscience. The appeal is old and sure-fire: a girl, torn between love and duty, is placed in an intolerable position. Only a miracle can extricate her, so a miracle is arranged and we reach for a caramel as we turn the page.

This is how the little fraud is worked. Pinky, as white as Jeanne Crain, who plays the role, comes home to her old granny—Ethel Waters—because she can't tell the man she loves up North in Boston that she is a Negro. Thereupon, Pinky is deluged with the fear and hatred of the South, like slops from a bucket. She is slapped by a nigger-hating constable, attacked by a couple of joyriding hoodlums waving pint bottles, and informed by all and sundry that she is a no-good, uppity wench.

Why, then, does she not go back to Boston? Because old Miss Em (Ethel Barrymore) is alone in her final illness up at the homestead, and Pinky, a registered nurse, must ease her passing. What happens then? The old woman dies and leaves her property to Pinky. Consternation and rage in the town, where no black has ever owned anything. Will Pinky stay and fight, or flee with her Northern lover? Next installment—

Pinky stays and the miracle occurs. Not only does the most respected lawyer in town take her case (the will is contested), not only does the judge castigate Miss Em's scheming relatives and sustain her last request, but the village rabble, although seen in the court to be maddened by the unprecedented decision, lets her depart in peace to turn the old property into a Negro hospital, training school and clinic. Pinky renounces her man to become a ministering angel, beloved of all.

Aside from the Negro question, the story is standard soap romance for women who are bored enough by their husbands to wonder if dedication would have been an improvement on marriage. As for the race "angle," pure-white Negro girls don't go North from a cabin, become trained nurses, and then return home to defeat single-handed the rampant hatred of a poor-white-trash community. Bigotry is not threatened by sentimentality and falsehood; it feeds upon them.

The characterizations are what might be expected. Miss Barrymore plays the irascible tyrant with the bleeding heart, a role in which she and her brother Lionel imitate each other by rotation. Miss Waters displays that combination of rude wisdom and doglike devotion which is as much the Jim Crow stereotype as the happy, irresponsible, jig-dancing coon. Miss Crain moves stiffly in a part too unreal to be acted. A Negro girl born in the South, she must walk through town like a Westchester debutante, and resent with amazement the slurs she has known from her cradle. She must make a miracle seem real and she cannot do it—no one could.

ROBERT HATCH

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